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SELECT STORY.

[From Appleton's Journal.]

THOMAS YARN.

He was a failure, an innocent, colorless failure, holding his place in the energetic town of Mossbrook rather because he was too amorphous to be kicked out than from any power of his own to keep in. Thomas Yarn had never made a living, but had hung, a barnacle, on somebody else's living all his life. He was ugly, and dirty, and poor, and lazy, yet these terms seem too strong for so nebulous a creature. The colors in which his portrait should be painted are what the French call *teints degrades*—snuffy brown, pale-olive greens, mixed and tardy grays; no black, no white, no red; all shadow, dead lights, a poor, forlorn, faded picture, which no gallery coveted. He was a sort of connecting link between the earth-worm and man, suggesting both extremes. Yet the creature was kindly, and had his own little corner of wit and humor; once in about ten years he said a good thing. He had never harmed anything, not even a fly; in fact, he and the flies were rather intimate, and had acquired the right of possessorship from long occupancy of a dirty, curtainless tavern-window, which was the height from which Thomas Yarn surveyed life as it went on in Mossbrook. He was in some remote way supposed to be a gentleman, perhaps because he never did anything, perhaps for a better reason. At any rate, he was tolerated in some of the best front parlors, when on centennials, and on such infrequently-occurring occasions he put on a clean shirt and made a call. Thomas Yarn was not dirty for the same reason that is said to have governed a celebrated English scholar, "because it rhymed with *Goethe*;" no, poor Thomas was not even literary, that next to nothingness in good, hard-working New England. His habits grew out of a slovenly soul; the cold waters of energy and ambition had never cascaded down Thomas Yarn's back. He was sunk low in the slums of laziness and inertia. Who knows what had deprived Thomas Yarn of his birthright of success? who knows what heart-aches had paralyzed his energies? who knows any of the great secrets of Nature?—why one brain works and another will not? and why one man sits still while another man runs?

One thing Thomas Yarn always possessed, and that was the village news.—The tavern-window, in spite of the flies, was a good field of observation. He went round with the returns of elections, with the deaths and marriages, and the latest, well-authenticated scandal. Never malignant, never prone to see evil, Thomas still told what he heard—an invaluable local newspaper. He would put his sad figure in penitently at the side-door, as if to say that the news he brought was his only excuse for being.

There were rumors of his once having been seen driving a horse, but this was not well authenticated. It gave too much energy and decision to the picture, and was rejected by most as improbable; but one great, grand, important thing he had done, one event illuminated his existence, and he never was tired talking of it and boasting of it. He had once been married, and he could not forget the pride, pomp, and circumstance, of that occasion.

Possibly at that moment he might have been cleaner and more prosperous than at any subsequent one; else why did that very pretty girl, with her long black hair—always remembered in the village admiringly—why had she so over-estimated her own powers of endurance as to marry Thomas Yarn? Marry him she did, and naturally died in two years, to be ever after the primal beauty and saint of his life. He never could sufficiently praise her hair. He placed it among the constellations like Berenice's, and wore one long tress, folded in China-paper, next his heart. The way he worshipped his "Mary in heaven" affirmed Thomas Yarn's claim to the name of gentleman. He had been in "business" when he married, but he failed immediately, and that continued to be his business forever after. The tavern swallowed him up, and it was on its worm-eaten porch that he first learned that he was remembered in Governor Hammond's will. Some one else knew that piece of news before he did.

Governor Hammond was a rich and prominent citizen, who had been terribly stricken, in the midst of his prosperity, by the death of his only son, a young man but few years married, who had left one young daughter.

It was a proud old name, and Governor Hammond did not like to have it die out. But fate was stronger than he. He left this fine property to this little girl, something in the disappointed frame of mind as Dombey, and he added a singular codicile. It was to charge his executors to pay a small annuity to Thomas Yarn, and to give him the charge of his library, which was large and in great disorder, and which needed attention and repair.

This library had come from "two lawyers, one gentleman and one clergyman ancestor," as Governor Hammond was fond of explaining his various forbears, and had been generally tumbled in by the governor, no great reader, into an unoccupied room, which was not unsuited to it, being in a wing of the house in which Emily, the child-heiress, lived with her aunt Margaret and the old servants. The little unconscious owner of all this rambling property was a healthy, hearty, robust little girl, with an early propensity for tales of fancy, and legitimately for novel-reading. She spent her Saturday afternoons, and some part of the next day in her library, sitting on the top step of a ladder, reading "The Cottages of Glenburnie," "A Simple Story," or "Thaddeus of Warsaw."—There, wrapped in the delicious mantle of romance, would she sit for hours, while Thomas Yarn would look up from his paste pots as a dreamy mole might contemplate a butterfly. He and she were great friends; not having arrived at the critical age, she did not notice his soiled habits as Aunt Margaret did, but willingly put her soft, white hand in his, and was led to Mar'sy grave, listening with much gravity to the account of that famous wedding, and looking with sweetly-sorrowful eyes at the long tress of beautiful hair.

It was a part of Saturday afternoon to Emily; a part of "Thaddeus of Warsaw;" a part of that golden prime which Emily was passing through; and, as he was indulgent, and let her press wild-flowers in some of the old theological works, Emily thought he was a model librarian.

Emily found the library rather overstocked with the sermons and grave folios of her clergyman ancestor, rather too sparsely furnished with the "Thaddeus of Warsaw" school of literature. She had gone through Scott, and gentle Miss Austen, and Miss Edgeworth, and dull old Mrs. Sherwood, whose story of "Rich in the Kitchen and Poor in the Parlor," is chiefly valuable for its recipe for making gooseberry tarts. She had wept over that redeeming work of "Little Henry and his Bearer;" she had shuddered over "The Ruffian Boy;" and she had got to Pope. Then she began to sigh for fresh fields and pastures new.—Cooper she tried and could not; and, as for the theological works, what were they good for but to press flowers in?

O old, dry doctors! did not your pulses beat as this image of spring and hope and joy threw open your musty pages, and laid the freshly gathered flowers in your heavy grasp? Were these the only flowers you had helped press down and dry up?

Who will read those accumulated words of wisdom—old sermons, theological treaties, records of undying dullness? Why does the greatest of subjects lead to such poor writing?

"I wish there were some novels," said Emily, one day, from the top of the step-ladder.

"Novels ain't good for young people," said Thomas Yarn.

"But I like them—I like a book that is very beautiful in the beginning, and very sad in the middle, and very magnificent at the end!" said Emily, who did not want for words.

"Well, I guess you'd better not read so many of 'em. That isn't at all like life," said poor Thomas, remembering the tavern-window; besides, your Aunt Margaret says you walk in your sleep, and have bad dreams, and I guess you'd better go off and get some more wild-flowers."

So Emily would dance off to the woods, and Thomas looked up some more novels for her, and, finding a good, old-fashioned story, would leave it accidentally on the top of the step-ladder, sufficiently rewarded if he saw her flush of pleasure as she discovered it. There were no poisonous plants in this Forest of Ardeunes—all was the good, wholesome pasturage of which Charles Lamb speaks: and the young maiden who was thus set free was as protected as the lady in "Comus," or that other creature of whom great English Shakespeare says:

"A thousand liveried angels lackeyed her."

Thomas Yarn, in spite of his inability to make a living, was so good a creature that his virtue shone through his bedraggled exterior, as the sun himself shone through that tavern-window thro' which he saw the distant world.

Miss Margaret, rectangular spinster that she was, permitted him the guardianship of her niece without fear—nay, she even admitted him to that icy, frigid zone of virtue which surrounded herself. He sat on the edge of his chair in her presence when he told her the scraps of news she so dearly loved to hear.

Oh! on one of these occasions, what a piece of news she told him!

"You may shut up the library, Mr. Yarn, I am going to take Emily off to school. The trustees will allow you your accustomed stipend" (Miss Margaret loved to use a new and grandiloquent phrase as well as another), "and your work can be resumed in the spring; now I prefer to have the library shut. *Good-evening!*"

And she swept out without a look; besides, who had ever flattered him or softened the asperities of Fate to this creature?

Poor Thomas! From him that hath nothing shall be taken even that he hath!

He took out the piece of folded China-paper, and looked long at the tress of black hair. He wondered, knowing how low down he was, that he could be so exquisitely miserable. There is a great talent in human nature for pain and suffering and dull grief. That side of our nature seems to be singularly gifted. We have no such unlimited powers in the way of joy and gladness. After the sixteenth year of existence is passed, it seems doubtful if any one can feel rapturously happy for a very long time—say three minutes. But the power of suffering constantly grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength. No one ever complained that he had not talent enough for this sort of thing.—Even Thomas Yarn, who had seemed to have talent for nothing else, felt within himself the comprehension of an intellectual colossus for suffering.

It is a hard thing to take out of a poor life the friendship, the unquestioning love of a child. He saw Emily furtively during those years when she danced over that mysterious land—that borderland of girlhood and womanhood—but when she came home from boarding-school, and looked at Thomas Yarn with new eyes—he who had not grown cleaner, or younger, or more agreeable—he felt that he had lost his little friend. She reinstated him in the library; but she came there seldom herself: she had a new book to read—her own romance was being written; lovers were coming in the flesh, instead of on the yellow pages of her old books—so Thomas and memory dusted alone.

One day Thomas took down a volume of Scott's "Commentaries," in which he saw a moth creeping, and, as he did so, a wild-flower fell out—one of those which had not been elevated to the dignity of Emily's herbarium. It was a heavy old book, with a parchment cover, and, as he dusted and shook it, Thomas Yarn shook out his fate—a folded paper fell to the ground with bits of fern, a pressed violet, a lady's-slipper, and several fringed polygalas.

It was a will. He knew the handwriting well, for in his struggles for existence he had been a copyist, and had often met the stiff, stately, old-fashioned copper-plate hand of Governor Hammond. He read on through the formal phrases and legal forms—he read on as a man does in a dream, and he never knew how long it took him to find out what was written on that piece of paper. He might have fainted away—if so, he came to all by himself. It was a will, leaving all his property to his natural son, Thomas Yarn. It was witnessed by Deborah Doolittle (misnamed woman!), then and now cook to the establishment, and by old Deacon Ramsey, who had been gathered to his fathers.

Thomas Yarn remembered the date of the will which had given all the property to Emily, yes, this was written a year after. It was not recorded, *that* he knew well, but he thought Deborah would remember signing it. He went through all these mental operations with half his mind, the other half was paralyzed with surprise.

He was looking at it with bleared eyes when he heard a fresh young voice singing in the hall. He had just time to put it in perhaps the poorest old pocket in the world, when Emily opened the door.

Thomas Yarn was surrounded with faded wild-flowers. He even had a piece of fern in his hand, endeavoring to hold it as if it were a thing to which he was accustomed.

How Emily laughed as she saw him!

"So you have found some of our old flowers? How yellow they are, poor things! Look at that violet. They are like people who have had sickness and trouble. I wonder if I shall ever look like one of these?"

"Yes, they are yellow," said Thomas, feebly; do you remember when you put them here?"

"I remember! Why, no; it might have been the summer after I had the measles, or the summer before I went to school; I don't remember!"

Thomas Yarn took his way home that day through the kitchen. It was not the first time, for Deborah was very apt to waylay him with the proffer of a cup of tea, or some of her nice dishes, alwas doing it with respect, for she thought, with the rest of Mossbrook, that Thomas was a poor gentleman; and he, not a person to be invited to dinner, would pause furtively, and at Deborah's neat table snatch a cup of tea, or rich doughnut, grateful variety to tavern fare!

So, when he appeared down the stairs, Deborah bustled round, and put a plate and knife and fork on the side-table.

"No," said Thomas Yarn, "nothing to eat."

"Why! whatsomdever has happened to you, Mr. Yarn?" said Deborah. "You look as white as a sheet!"

"Deborah, do you remember witnessing a paper for Governor Hammond in his last illness?"

"Well, yes, I guess I do, Mr. Yarn. The governor was terrible queer in his last sickness. He wandered round, and went to the library, and wouldn't stay in bed, and wrote things. Yes, me and Deacon Ramsey see him sign something, I suppose it was his will, giving everything to Miss Emily. He was awful troubled, the governor was. After his son died he got queer, and then, after Miss Hammond died, he got queerer. I expect the governor had been rather hard on the poor when he was making his fortune."

"Deborah, put on your spectacles, and see if this is your signature?"

Deborah produced some very large glasses, and proceeded to fit them with difficulty on a very small nose.

"Well, yes, I wrote that. I never was good with my pen; and I was kind of flustered when the governor he called me, and Deacon Ramsey he was coughin' awful at the time; he died, poor man, before the governor did; and then I had my dinner on, and the soup was burnin'."

Thomas Yarn was half up the street before Deborah had finished, and had reached the registrar's office. Yes, Emily's will was recorded; this was not, but this was written a year after the other.

Then the poor soul traveled back on his recollections, and he saw, here and there, the figure of that stately man, who had been his father; recognized, here and there, that he must have secretly helped him from time to time; he remembered, too, that he had not helped him when help might have saved Mary, and his soul swelled with bitterness. But, in the hours that death waited for the governor, he had paid this tardy debt to conscience. He had laid the paper in the old book, he had sent Thomas Yarn to the library, and he had left the rest to chance. Miserable, vulgar fraction of conscience-money! Miserable playing with justice! Governor Hammond, like many a dignified gentleman, uncovered his real character in his will, and showed the poor and mean thing which a fine appearance had draped and ornamented.

Thomas Yarn went to Mary's grave and considered. He saw from that humble spot Governor Hammond's tall Corinthian column gleam through the trees. He thought of the change it would make in the village treatment if he announced the fact. The taven-window would cease to be his post of observation; he would sit of an evening on that broad piazza where Miss Margaret and Emily received their guests; it would be his own!

He would become a man of fortune, a power in the state. He looked down at his garments. It even occurred to him that he should have a new suit of clothes; but, as these airy visions floated before him, he looked again in the grass at the stone, and read:

"MARY, WIFE TO THOMAS YARN,
DIED SEPTEMBER 23, 1835,
AGED 22,"

and he decided that he did not want fortune, fame, consequence, enough to take it away from Emily, his child-friend. She, next to Mary, was the thing dear to Thomas Yarn.

Often he determined to burn the will, but he did not. He even bought a piece of oil-silk, and carefully folded it around the paper before returning it to his ragged pocket. Sometimes, when he was particularly forlorn he would take it out and read it, and become a rich man for a few hours, then Emily's laugh would resound through the house, or he would see her, gay and triumphant, driving off to picnics and to sleigh-rides, the successful young heiress and belle of Mossbrook, and he would fold it away.

Thomas Yarn watched with a jealous eye the men who approached Emily, and he saw to his sorrow that she began to blush and look down when Horace Frazier came near her. It began to be village talk that there was to be an engagement.

Now, Horace Frazier had come to Mossbrook to study law; he was not of the town. Perhaps he brought some foreign graces with him; he was handsome, dressed well, and had fascinating manners. But the tavern, in this instance, had become an important post of observation, and Thomas Yarn knew of nights passed in gambling, of drunken bouts, of the grime and degradation of a dissolute life. Yet what could he say or do? What headway make against this young and clever man?

Before he had resolved on his course of action, Emily had come into the library, and had announced her engagement to him.

"O Miss Emily! don't! He isn't worthy of you! He is a gambler, a drunkard, and worse! Don't love such a man; don't marry him, I beg of you!" burst from poor Thomas Yarn's lips.

To describe Emily's indignation would be impossible. The sun in the heavens was not more illustrious than Horace Frazier in her eyes. To attack him—and to her!

She swept out of the library, after a vigorous denunciation, and Aunt Margaret swept in. It had been a part of Horace Frazier's policy (graceful good-for-nothing) to win the older woman first, and she had but to hear the dreadful news of the attack to rush to the battlements and mow down Thomas Yarn with a well-directed volley.

"I here that you dare, Mr. Yarn, to insult my niece, and to assail the character of her intended husband—*you*, Mr. Yarn! Who are *you?* Why my relative, Governor Hammond, descended so far as to mention you in his will, I never could understand. *You*, slothful, dirty, poor, mean, insigificant—*you* dare to speak of a gentleman—a well-dressed gentleman like Mr. Frazier? Leave this house, Mr. Yarn (you never ought to have been allowed to come into it), and never let these eyes behold you again!"

Miss Margaret held out a thin forefinger as she spoke, like a third-rate *Lady Macbeth*. Thomas Yarn rose slowly and walked out; yet as he passed her, he fired one Parthian arrow.

"I will save Emily yet," said he.

"Go, base creature!" said Miss Margaret, furiously.

When Mr. Frazier came to tea that evening, both ladies received him with greater tenderness than ever. His waistcoat was very perfect; his necktie and conversation delightful; he was a handsome fellow, and in love. They did not tell him how cruelly he had been slandered.

Thomas Yarn watched him for a few weeks, hoping that love might make a better man of him; but no, it did not. The play went on; the drinking-bouts continued; even Emily began to see some signs which troubled her, but, woman-like, she only loved him better. That he made her heart tremble and ache, was part of the agitation of the period.

Then Thomas Yarn took a determination. He went to Judge Sutherland's office, and had a private consultation with that eminent jurist; and the next night, as Horace Frazier came up the taven-steps, fresh from his courting and fresh from Emily's sweet presence, on his way to the card-room, Thomas Yarn stopped him.

"Mr. Frazier, Judge Sutherland desires to see you in Number 17, if you please."

Frazier sullenly turned toward the room. He was a student in the judge's office, and expected he knew not what in the shape of a reprimand. He was surprised and offended when Yarn entered the room and locked the door.

Judge Sutherland's dignified presence, however, silenced him, and he seated himself, awaiting the revelation.

"Mr. Frazier, we are about to make a confidence to you, and, as a man of honor, I ask you to give me your promise that you will not reveal it."

"Certainly, sir, I give you my word."

It deeply concerns you, as I understand that you are to marry Miss Hammond; it deeply concerns me, as I am one of the trustees of her supposed estate; it deeply concerns Mr. Yarn, as he is the real owner of that estate. Here is a will, which you shall read; it is a perfectly legal document, although not registered. One of the witnesses to the signature is still living. Of the contents of the will I am not ignorant, having been consulted as to its form. I have also known for many years, as a professional secret, that Mr. Yarn was a natural son of Governor Hammond; but I had supposed that my old friend had abandoned his project of making this will. Here it is, and in my opinion it will stand."

Horace Frazier read the paper with attention. It was ruin to him, and he looked it; but he said nothing.

Once he turned and gave Thomas Yarn a searching, contemptous, and almost amused look.

"You are a good-looking fellow to turn a young lady out of her property!" said he, coarsely.

Thomas Yarn did not answer.

Judge Sutherland did. "No abuse, Mr. Frazier. Mr. Yarn is treating you most honorably. He is not ready to make this will public just yet, but he wishes you to know of it, in order that you may not be disappointed in regard to your future wife's property. If you love her well enough to marry her, a penniless girl such as she is, that, of course, is a matter into which I shall not enter. But it is our duty to let you know that Mr. Yarn will, in the event of your marriage, produce this will, and proceed to claim his property"—and the judge pushed up his glasses.

Horace Frazier was stunned, as well he might be. Judge Sutherland was a dry, convincing sort of terrible man; what he said must be true.

"Do you think, Judge Sutherland, that Mr. Yarn has any chance of success?"

"It may be enough to say to you that I have advised him to try," said the judge, dryly.

Yes, that was quite enough for Horace Frazier. He loved Emily, in his selfish way, for herself; but he was not the man to do a generous deed, and take her without a penny. Emily an heiress was quite another thing from Emily penniless. Thomas Yarn had not missed his man.

He left town very shortly after, and wrote a few very lover-like letters. Then he went through the usual process of pretended jealousy, coldness, and neglect; then writing her that, as he knew he was not worthy of her, he must beg that their engagement might come to an end.

He had told the truth for once. He was not worthy of her.

But it took Emily some time to see that Love's young dream can have an end. She went through the usual delusions; thought he still loved her, and that some enemy had done this thing. The leaf of music which fluttered off the piano in the evening breeze brought back the hour when he had gracefully stooped to pick it up for her; the flowers about the piazza still breathed of him; the west wind brought her his whispered vows; the moonlight seemed but to cast shadows which might be his. It was hard to accept life without him. Emily had never met pain before; it came with its usual intensity to the young and strong. She sought to escape it, to believe in him, to forgive him; and she would have done so to the day of her death had not a newspaper fallen into her hand with the news of his marriage—yes, so soon, too! Ah, Horace, you might have waited!

Tremblingly old Thomas looked on the surgical operation which he had performed; sadly he watched the pale cheek and the dejected attitude as she sat, once again his silent companion, in the old library. He would have given all the fortune that he had not had, twice over, to hear her laugh; but it was too late. Could we have forseen this, he would not have frightened Horace Frazier away. But, before a year had passed, the healthy and prosperous young girl began to recover from her heart break. The same temperament which had induced her to throw "Thaddeus of Warsaw" half across the room, in her excitement at its rapidly-changing tone of joy and despair, came to her rescue. The unmitigated worthlessness of her late lover's character began to come to her, although she did not know the half. That knowledge sometimes is a good medicine for a heart diseased. Aunt Margaret, too, was evidently *desillusionee* as could be desired; but she never forgave Thomas Yarn, nor invited him to the edge of a chair, forever more, in her cool parlor.

Before three years had passed, Emily had replaced Horace Frazier by a far better man. Thomas Yarn had kept his secret, and had seen his Emily, as he believed, safe. He crept to the library not often now, for his breath was getting short, his heart beat painfully; he was going down to that quiet resting-place, by the side of Mary, for which he had long prayed. Deborah began to go over to him, now, with comfortable soups and encouraging wines. Excellent Deborah, misnamed Doolittle!

Happiness did not harden that good young heart, which had been such a dear thing to Thomas Yarn. She never forgot him, but even on her marriage-day sent over to see if he could not come to the wedding; but no, he was too feeble. Deborah said he wowld sit up at the window and see her go by!

So Emily, in her white robes, looked up at the tavern-window as she drove to church, and kissed her white-gloved hand to the faded figure who watched her as she passed.

He had given Deborah a message for her, to be delivered when she came home from her wedding-journey.

"Tell her," said he, "that she will find my gift in the second volume of Scott's "Commentaries," on the third shelf of the library."

"Just write that down, Mr. Yarn, if you please; my memory ain't what it was," said Deborah.

Thomas Yarn wrote a neat hand. It was the only thing he did neatly. He wrote it, and added "among the wild-flowers."

And when the beautiful, proud, happy young bride came home, she went, with her hand in her husband's, to see the present. Aunt Margaret followed, saying, "Poor Mr. Yarn has saved a little money, I don't doubt, and he has given it all to you!"

There were tears in Emily's bright eyes. She did not follow Aunt Margaret's meaning. She was thinking of his lonely lot, and of her own dear happiness.

She opened the book, and there, with some faded flowers, lay the folded paper.

She and Miss Margaret read it together. They did not understand it until Emily's husband interpreted it for them.

They had been living for three years in Thomas Yarn's house on sufferance. He had been their host, knowing that at any moment he could turn them out if he chose.

He had not forgotten to add a will of his own, giving all the property once again to Emily—the property he had never touched.

"Where is he?" said Emily, wildly; "let me go to him and tell him what I think of him!"

"Oh, my dear, hain't you heard?" said Aunt Margaret. "He has been dead a fortnight; he died on your wedding-day." M. E. W. S.

AN IMMENSE VAULTED ROOF.—The largest roof in the world is claimed by Vienna—that belonging to the great exposition building. It is said to cover nine times the space of the dome of St. Paul's, in London, eight times the area of the dome of St. Peter's, and seven times that of St. Sophia, at Constantinople. This miracle of architectural skill is 360 feet in diameter, 1,080 feet round, and stands on a ring of thirty columns thirty-six feet apart all round the circumference. Within this ring of columns there is no support. The upper dome, one hundred feet diameter, admits light by a series of windows forty feet high and ten feet wide, between thirty columns which carry the upper dome. The slope of the cone is thirty degrees, and the length of the slope on all sides is two hundred feet. The roof is formed of three hundred and sixty iron plates, tapering uniformly upward from the circumference to the apex of the cone. They are riveted like the plates of a ship each row of covers one degree of the circle, and each bottom plate is one yard wide between the lines of rivets, and one metre wide over the lap.

The German exodus to America continues to cause serious and angry alarm. Bismarck will stop it if he can. The other day one of the legal tribunals of Berlin condemned by default (that is, in their absence), 656 young men, natives of that city, to a fine of fifty thalers each for having withdrawn themselves by emigration from the requirements of the military conscription law. It may be said, "They are safe in the New World; what does it matter whether a fine be recorded against them which Prussia cannot collect?" Apparently not much, only if ever one of these defaulters should set foot at any time upon German soil he will have to pay the penalty with costs, and take his chance of being detained to serve out his military term. Moreover, should he succeed to property, real or personal, by descent or bequest, not one thaler of it can be sent to him out of Prussia.

MISCELLANY.

A Military Invention.

[From the Boston Advertiser.]

One of the practical military lessons of the war was the importance of rapid field intrenchments for infantry. When troops had once captured an important position, perhaps at great loss, and had been dislodged for lack of cover against a counter assault, they were quick to avail themselves of the neglected precaution on the next occasion. During the Virginia campaign of 1864, the line was no sooner formed on a field of actual or probable battle than the work of intrenchment began, no matter how many times the labor had proved to be useless. A great want was an intrenching tool at once effective and portable. The pickaxe and spade were effective, but too heavy for infantry to carry; and the bayonet and fingers, so often used, were portable, but not effective. The spade and pick were useless, too, in many cases where only stealthy, noiseless movements would insure success.

Such an occasion, for example, arose one night soon after the assault on the Petersburg lines in June, '64, when a Massachusetts regiment crept across an open field, and, lying low and silently plying bayonets and fingers in the soil, threw up breastworks on a low crest within less than a hundred yards of the enemy, unmolested and unsuspected. The use of spade or pick would have drawn upon the workers an almost annihilating fire. Not long after the battle of Spottsylvania small, short-handled spades were issued in the army of the Potomac, every eighth man in the ranks we believe, being required to carry one in addition to his ordinary accoutrements. An effort has been made recently by Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Rice, U. S. A., to supply the needed implement by the invention of a "trowel-bayonet," 10,000 of which are in process of manufacture by the Government at the Springfield armory. Numerous experiments have been made by officers in different parts of the country, in accordance with instructions from the War Department, and it appears from their reports that with a modification (since made) of the shank or handle, the new bayonet, will fully answer its purpose.

In the course of these experiments single ranks of infantry have thrown up works affording them protection from musketry fire twenty, fifteen, ten, and even in nine minutes; and in two special experiments the men covered themselves in four and two and a half minutes.

A Cool Robber—The Very Alps of Impudence.

Policeman Badger, of the Tenth Station, had a bit of experience the other night which he is not fond of talking about. It was past midnight, as he was leisurely pushing his beat through Jessop street, and as he came opposite to Drayton & Fogg's jewelry store he observed gleams of light through the chinks of the shutters, and rapped at the door.

"Is that you, policeman?" asked a voice within.

"Yes," answered Badger.

"Well—it's only me—it's all right; kind o' chilly out' isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Thought so. I was just fixing the fire—good night."

Badger said "Good hight," and persued his way.

An hour afterward Badger passed through Jessop street again, and again he saw the light in the jewelry store. It didn't look right, and he banged at the door loudly.

"Hallo!" cried the voice within. "Is it you, policeman?"

"Yes."

"All right: Won't you come in and warm you? It won't hurt anything for you to slip from your beat a few minutes."

The door opened and Policeman Badger entered, and he found the inmate to be a very gentlemanly looking man, in a linen duster.

"Come right up to the stove, policeman. Excuse me for a moment."

The man took the ash pan from the bottom of the stove and carried it down into the cellar and emptied it and when he had returned and wiped his hands he said, with a smile:

"Chilly night, isn't?"

"Yes."

"Chilly outside, and dull inside. (Another smile.) New goods for the spring trade, and have to keep your eyes open. Lonesome work, this watching all night but I manage to find a bit of comfort at this. Won't you join me in a tip? You'll find it the pure thing."

And the man produced a black bottle and a tumbler.

Policeman Badger partook, and having wiped his lips and given his fingers a new warming, he left the store and resumed his beat, satisfied that all was right at Drayton & Foggs'.

But the morning brought a new revelation, Drayton & Foggs' store had been robbed during the night of $6,000 worth of watches and jewerly, and although Policeman Badger carries in his mind a complete daguerreotype of the robber, the adroit rascal has not yet been found.
—*New Haven Register.*

Keeping Grapes Fresh.

A method of preserving grapes for a long time, even from one Autumn until the next Summer, has come into extensive use. The grapes are kept on the vine as long as possible—in France, where this device originated to the end of October or beginning of November. Before the first frosts appear they are cut, leaving a portion of the stem of about two or three knots below the bunch and two above it. The section of the upper end is then to be covered with wax, to prevent the evaporation of the liquids contained in the pores of the wood; and after carefully removing all the unsound grapes the lower end of the stem is inserted in a small, elongated bottle filled with water, having a small quantity of wood charcoal in the bottom. The space between the stem and the tightly-fitting cork through which it is inserted is to be filled up with wax. The bottles thus fitted are to be placed on shelves in a dry room, and there arranged so as not to fall over, this being best prevented by inserting them in holes bored in a frame, as close together as they can stand conveniently.

LIST OF PREMIUMS

Awarded by the Perry County L. S. A. & M. A. U. Society, at their 5th Annual Fair, Somerset, Ohio, Oct. 6, 7, 8, & 9th, 1874.

CLASS A—Thorough-bred—Horses

P. Eagan, 3 yr old mare, 1st prem. $ 4 00
J. S. Nixon, stallion 4 yrs old, 1st 8 00

CLASS B—Roadsters.

St Joseph's, stallion 2 yrs 1st pre 5 00
" " sucking colt 1st 2 00
A. Yost, mare 4 yrs and over 1st 5 00
E. L. Arnold, " " 2d 3 00
H. S. Doubleday, gelding 4 yrs over, 1st 4 00
Asberry Shaw, do 2d 3 00
St Joseph's, do 3 yrs and over, 1st 4 00
James Love, " " 2d 3 00
H. Hynus, do 2 yrs and over, 1st 4 00

CLASS C—General Purposes.

G. M. Jones, stallion 4 yrs old and over, 1st premium 8 00
Matthew Clayton, do 2d 4 00
" " do 2 yrs and over, 1st 4 00
A. Stimmel, sucking colt, 1st 2 00
Henry Hynus, " " 2d 1 00
W. W. Ream, mare 4 yrs old and over, 1st 5 00
Curt. Trovinger, do 2d 3 00
Huston Mohler do 3 and over, 1st 5 00
James Love do 1 and over, 1st 3 00
George Gordon " " 2d 2 00
Henry Hynus do sucking colt, 1st 3 00
Wm Shrider " " 2d 2 00
Wm. Ream, gelding 4 and over, 1st 4 00
John Dean " " 2d 3 00
P. Mechling " 3 and over, 1st 4 00
P. Eagan " " 2d 2 00
John Forsythe " 2 and over, 1st 4 00
Vincent Hynus " " 2d 2 00
Henry Hynus do 1 and over, 1st 2 00
Wm S Love do " " 2d 1 00

CLASS D—Draft.

Amos Mechling, stallion 4 yrs old and over, 1st 8 00
John Ice, stallion sucking colt, 1st 2 00
T P Skinner, mare 4 and over, 1st 5 00
I H Mechling " " " 2d 3 00
Curt Trovinger, do 3 and over, 1st 4 00
John Crist " " 2d 2 00
Samuel King, gelding 4 and over, 1st 4 00
J B Jones, do 2d 3 00
D Costonian do 3 and over, 2d 2 00
Noah Swinehart do 2 and over, 2d 2 00
A E Ream do 1 and over, 1st 3 00
Jas R Wilson " " 2d 2 00

CLASS E—Matched and Saddle Horses.

John Dean, matched horses, 1st 8 00
John Ice, saddle horse, 2d 3 00

CLASS F—Fine Animals.

Samuel Ream, fastest trotting gelding, any age, 1st 7 00
Ed Ream, fastest pacing gelding any age, 1st 5 00
John Dean, fastest racking gelding, any age, 1st 5 00
Ed Russell, fastest trotting geld'g 3 yrs old, 1st 5 00
I Weaver, fastest trotting mare 4 yrs old, 1st 5 00
J S Nixon, fastest running stallion, ½ mile and repeat, 2 in 3 heats—time 56:2, 54½—1st 15 00
J S Nixon, running stallion, ½ mile—time 53½ 10 00

CLASS G—Sweepstakes—open to all.

St Joseph's, stallion any age, 1st 10 00
I Weaver, mare " " 1st 8 00
St Joseph's, geld'g " " 1st 8 00
J S Grove, fastest trotting gelding—1 mile; time 1:53 15 00
I H Mechling, fastest pacing or racking horse, time 3:15—1st 10 00

CLASS H—Jacks and Mules.

St Joseph's, pair aged mules, 1st 5 00

CLASS I—Thoroughbred Cattle.

Jacob Franks, bull 3 yrs and over, 1st 5 00
John E Ream, bull 2 and over, 1st 5 00
Burgoon & Fink, bull 3 " 2d 3 00
St Joseph's, " " 1st 5 00
Danison & Ramsey 1 " 2d 3 00

CLASS J—Thoroughbred—Sweepstakes.

John Ream, bull any age, 1st 10 00

CLASS K—Grades.

J A Fink, bull 1 yr old, 1st 4 00
J W Hull, bull calf, 1st 3 00
J L Franks, cow 4 yrs old and over 1st 4 00
J L Franks, do, 2d 3 00
J W Hull, 3 yr old heifer that has bred, 1st 4 00
James Love, heifer 2 yrs old, 1st 4 00
J E Ream, " " 2d 2 00
David Ream " 1 1st 4 00
J A Fink " 1 2d 2 00
J L Franks, " 2d 3 00
Wm Derolph, yoke of oxen 4 yrs old, 1st 5 00
James Love, pair fat bullocks 6 00
J L Franks, sweepstakes cow 6 00

CLASS L—Fine Wool Sheep.

David Williams, buck 2 yrs and over, 1st 5 00
John Williams, do 2d 4 00
David Williams, buck lamb, 1st 3 00
" " " " 2d 2 00
" " pr ewes, 1 and over, 1st 5 00
John Williams, do 2d 3 00
David Williams, pen 5 lambs, 1st 3 00
John Ice, do 2d 2 00
David Williams, sweepst'ks buck 5 00
" " " ewe 4 00

CLASS M—Long Wool & Mutton Sheep.

David Cokensperger, buck 2 years and over, 1st 5 00
J W Wolf, do 2d 3 00
St Joseph's buck 1 yr and over 1st 4 00
Wm Love, pen ewes 1 yr and over 1st 4 00
St Joseph's, pen 5 lambs, 1st 4 00
Wm Derolph, pen 5 fat sheep, 1st 4 00
St Joseph's, sweepstakes buck any age 5 00
Wm Love, do ewe any age 4 00

CLASS N—Swine.

Charles Brown, boar 1 yr and over 1st 4 00
S K Ream, do 2d 3 00
" boar pig, 1st 3 00
Charles Brown, sow 1 and over, 1st 3 00
S K Ream, do 2d 2 00
" sow pig, 1st 3 00
H S Doubleday, do 2d 2 00
Henry Spencer, sow and 5 pigs, 1st 5 00
S K Ream, sweepstakes boar, 4 00
" " sow 3 00

NOTE.—On thoroughbred stock to which premiums have been awarded, the same will be withheld until the pedigrees have been examied and accepted by the Board.

CLASS O—Poultry.

Reuben Trout, pr game fowls, 1st 1 00
H S Doubleday, do 2d 50
E M Hetrick, pair Dorkings, 1st 1 00
Owen Ream, pair Brahmas, 1st 1 00
Luke Ream, do 2d 50
J A Fink, pair Spanish, 1st 1 00
Harriet Derolph, pr Dominiques, 1st 1 00
H S Doubleday, do 2d 50
John C Walker, pr Bantams, 1st 1 00
E C Zartman, do 2d 50
Jos Flautt, pr Cayuga ducks, 1st 1 00
J A Fink, pr White Aylsbury ducks, 1st 1 00
J A Fink; pr Rouen ducks, 1st 1 00
P Anspach, pr common " 1st 1 00
T Ream, pr turkeys, 1st 1 00
J A Fink, pr white guineas, 1st 1 00
George Costonian, largest display of pigeons, 1st 1 00
Ettie Williams, do 2d 50

CLASS P—Fruits.

H S Doubleday, collection of grapes, 1st 4 00
Same, 12 b'chs Catawba grapes, 1st 1 00
" Rogers' Hybrid, 1st 1 00
" Concord, 1st 1 00
" Hartford Prolific, 1st 1 00
" Delaware, 1st 2 00
" Catawba on single vine, 1st 2 00
" Clinton " " 1st 2 00
" Ives' seedling " " 1st 2 00
R C Zartman, display of peaches 1st 1 00
C Kintz, do 2d 50
P Anspach, display of quinces, 1st 1 00
Lewis Green, jr., collection of apples, 1st 4 00
Wm Henderson, do 2d 2 00
James Love, 6 varieties winter apples, 1st 3 00
Lewis Green, jr., do 2d 2 00
James Love, 5 varieties fall apples, 1st 2 00
James Love, keeping apples, 1st 2 00
R C Zartman, cider apples, 1st 1 00
Henry Hynus, seedling apples, 1st 2 00
Washington Baker, basket one variety, 1st 3 00
Lewis Swinehart, do 2d 1 00
Willie N Skinner, plate of 12 plums, 1st 50
Margaret Swinehart, do 2d 25
Thos Dean, collection uncultivated nuts, 1st 50
Thos Dean, collection uncultivated fruits, 1st 50

CLASS Q—Vegetable Roots.

Albert Yost, ½ bushel early rose potatoes, 1st 1 00
J A Fink, do 2d 50
Same, ½ bushel late rose potatoes, 1st 1 00
S K Ream, do 2d 50
C E Gallagher, do peerless, 1st 1 00
Reuben Trout, do 2d 50
L Walters, do sweet potatoes, 1st 1 00
B F Lentz, do 2d 50
Owen Ream, display of beets, 1st 50
Albert Yost, display of turnips, 1st 50
R C Zartman, display of tomatoes 1st 50
P Anspach, display of cabbage, 1st 50
W H Huston, Shawnee, display of onions, 1st 50
Lemuel Skinner, display of table corn, 1st 50
H S Doubleday, salsify, 1st 50
" display of squashes, 1st 50
B F Lentz, ½ bushel field beans, 1st 50
Lemuel Skinner, display of beans, 50
Henry Hynus, display of vegetables grown by one exhibitor, 1st 2 00
H S Doubleday do 2d 1 00

CLASS R—Flour, Butter, &c.

A P Ashbrook & Co., barrel of flour, 1st 1 00
Same, 50 lb sack, 1st 50
P Anspach, 5 lbs butter, 1st 1 00
Mrs Wm Love, do 2d 50
H S Doubleday, 10 lbs honey in the comb, 1st 1 00
Noah Hetrick, do 2d 50
Miss E A Lentz, loaf of domestic bread, 1st 1 00
Mrs S Shearer, ten lbs soap, 1st 1 00

CLASS S—Farm Products.

Lemuel Skinner, ½ bushel white wheat, 1st 2 00
Same, do 2d 1 00
Wm Derolph, red wheat, 1st 2 00
James Brant, do white corn, 1st 2 00
Henry Hynus, do 2d 1 00
E B Skinner, do rye, 1st 2 00
T P Skinner, do 2d 1 00
" do barley, 1st 2 00
C E Skinner, do 2d 1 00
T P Skinner, do oats, 1st 2 00
F N Skinner, do 2d 1 00
David Costonian, peck of flax seed, 1st 2 00
J W Wolf, do 2d 1 00
J W Wolf, do clover seed, 1st 2 00
" " " 2d 1 00
James Love, do timothy seed, 1st 2 00
J W Wolf, do 2d 1 00
Washington Baker, do blue grass seed, 1st 2 00
Henry Hynus, ½ bushel yellow corn in ear, 1st 2 00
P Anspach, do 2d 1 00

CLASS T—Farm Implements.

Levi Bowman, plow for general use, 1st 5 00
Same, plow for loose land, 1st 2 00
" " sod, 1st 2 00
M Berkey, wheat drill, 1st 5 00
Kirby two-wheeled mower, 1st 5 00
Kirby combined reaper, 1st 5 00
Dayton horse hay rake 2 00
Joseph Ridenhour, half dozen hand rakes, 1st 1 00
James Love, two-horse wagon, 1st 5 00
Sebastian Flautt, churn, 1st 2 00
J W Melick, washing machine, 1st 2 00

CLASS U—Leather and its Manufacture.

Charles Stickle, best side of sole leather, 1st 1 00
Same, do upper leather, 1st 1 00
" do harness " 1st 1 00
" do calf skin " 1st 1 00
Walker & Russell, fine boots, 1st 2 00
" " coarse " 1st 1 00
" " gent's slippers, 1st 50

CLASS V—Manufactured Articles.

A Grimm, buggy, 1st 5 00
A Ream, express wagon, 1st 3 00
Joseph Elder, bureau, 1st 2 00
" " bedstead, 1st 2 00
" " rocking chair, 1st 1 00
Joseph Flautt, flour barrel, 1st 50
Sebastian Flautt, wine cask. 1st 2 00
Peter Cooperider, display of iron turning, axles, connecting rod and journals, &c., for which no premiums were offered, but of which honorable mention was made by awarding committee.

CLASS W—Floral Hall.

Mrs M F Scott, display of coxcomb, 1st 1 00
Same, display of pinks, 1st 1 00
" " all varieties growing plants—104 in number—1st 4 00
Miss Lizzie Poorman, do 2d 2 00
Mrs M F Scott, display of geraniums, 1st 1 00
Miss Rachael Swinehart, fuschias in bloom, 1st 1 00
Mrs L Doubleday, variegated leaved plant, 1st 1 00
Same, climbing and vining plants 1st 1 00
Miss Lizzie Poorman, cactus and aloes, 1st 1 00
Mrs David Swinehart, single specimen geranium, 1st 1 00
Miss Lizzie Poorman do fuschias, 1st 1 00
P Anspach, do variegated leaved plant, 1st 1 00
Mrs M F Scott, do leaved plant, (caladium) 1st 1 00
" Kate Russell, specimen orange 1 00
R C Zartman, do begonia, 1st 1 00
Mrs L Doubleday, climbing vine 1st 1 00
" David Swinehart, hanging basket, growing plant, 1st 1 00
" M F Scott, display of cannas, 1st 1 00
Same, single specimen oleander, 1st 1 00
Mrs R W Levitt, floral ornament of living plants, 1st 1 00

CUT FLOWERS.

Mrs David Swinehart, best display all varieties cut flowers, 1st 2 00
Miss A Swinehart, do 2d 1 00
" B Swinehart, collection dahlias, 1st 1 00
Mrs A R Yost, do verbenas, 1st 1 00
" T S Stillman, do wild flowers 1st 1 00
" A R Yost, parlor boquet, 1st 1 00
Miss A Swinehart, do 2d 50
" Mary Scott, hand boquets, 1st 1 00
" E Swinehart, do 2d 50
Mrs David Swinehart, basket of flowers for table, 1st 1 00
Same, floral ornament, 1st 1 00
Mrs T S Stillman, climbing mosses 1st 1 00
Miss Anna Gallagher, cactus, 1st 1 00

CLASS X—Crochet, Embroidery, and Fancy Articles.

Mrs J G Kelso, best pr chair tidies 1st 1 00
Birdie Melick, do 2d 50
Mrs R W Levitt, carriage Affghan 1st 1 00
Miss Barbara Poorman, sample tatting, 1st 1 00
" Flora Levitt, pr lamp mats, 1st 1 00
Mrs L Doubleday, skirt embroidered in cotton, 1st 1 00
Same, drawers embroidered in cotton, 1st 1 00
Mrs T S Stillman, pr pillow shams 1st 1 00
Miss Mary Doubleday, dressed doll, 1st 1 00
Mrs M F Scott, watch case, 1st 1 00
" T S Stillman, card receiver, 1st 1 00
Miss Lizzie Levitt, hair braid, 1st 1 00
Phil Walker, plum-seed chain, 1st 1 00
Mrs R W Levitt, silk cheneile embroidery 1st 1 00
Miss Kate M'Kinney, worsted embroidery, 1st 1 00
Mrs R W Levitt, greatest variety of cotton embroidery, 1st 1 00
John O Skinner, oil painting 1st 2 00
" " crayon drw'g, 1st 1 00
Mary Wellen, wax cross, 1st 1 00
Lizzie Levitt, hair work, 1st 1 00
Tillie Brown, hair flowers, 1st 1 00
Mrs Emma Brown, pencil drawing, 1st 1 00
" David Swinehart, sample knit lace, 1st 1 00
H A Swartz, water color paint'g, 1st 1 00
Mrs Alice McCormick, specimen millinery, 1st 3 00
H A Swartz, India ink photograph 1st 1 00
Same, photograph, 1st 1 00

CLASS X—Continued.

Eva Chilcote, case fancy articles, 1st 3 00
A B Berkey, specimen bead work, 1st 1 00

CLASS Y—Preserved Fruits.

Mrs M F Scott, canned peaches, 1st 1 00
" Albert Yost, do 2d 50
" S A Swinehart, cherries, 1st 1 00
" Mrs Love, do 2d 50
Miss Rachael Swinehart, tomatoes 1st 1 00
Mrs L Dodbleday, do 2d 50
" S Shearer, six varieties of jellies, 1st 1 00
Mrs Wm Love, canned gooseberries, 1st 1 00
" L Doubleday, do 2d 50
" " cherry preserves 1st 1 00
" S Shearer, do 2d 50
" Wm Love, peck dried apples 1st 1 00
" S Shearer, do 2d 50
" L Doubleday, dried peaches 1st 1 00
" Elizabeth Barker, peck dried cherries, 1st 1 00
" S A Swinehart, do 2d 50
B F Lentz, half peck dried peas, 1st 60
Mrs R W Levitt, canned plums, 1st 1 00
" L Doubleday, do 2d 50
" " do quinces, 1st 1 00
" S Shearer, do 2d 50
" L Doubleday, canned pears, 1st 1 00
" S Shearer, do 2d 50
" " canned grapes, 1st 1 00
" T S Stillman, 6 varieties of pickles, 1st 1 00
" R W Levitt, canned grapes, 2d 50
" T S Stillman, 6 varieties catsup, 1st 1 00
" S Shearer, do jellies, 1st 1 00
" Margaret Swinehart, do 2d 50
" T S Stillman, gherkins, 1st 1 00
" L Doubleday, cucumber pickles, 1st 1 00
" Wm Love, jar apple butter, 1st 1 00
" Elizabeth Barker, do 2d 50
" L Doubleday, jar quince butter, 1st 1 00
" Wm Love, do 2d 50
" D Needy, current jelly, 1st 1 00
" T M Ashbrook do 2d 50
" L Doubleday, plum jelly, 1st 1 00
" D Needy do 2d 50
" T M Ashbrook, grape jelly, 1st 1 00
" L Doubleday, do 2d 50
" " blackberry marmelade, 1st 1 00
" S Shearer, do 2d 50
" L Doubleday, raspberry marmelade, 1st 1 00
" S Shearer, do 2d 50
" " grape marmelade, 1st 1 00
" L Doubleday, do 50
" " cherry do 1st 1 00
" " best and largest varieties of jellies, 1st 2 00

WINES.

R C Zartman, Catawba wine, 1st 2 00
George Green, do 2d 1 00
Same, Concord, 1st 2 00
Same, Ives Seedlings, 1st 2 00
H S Doubleday, do 2d 1 00
George Green, Delaware, 1st 2 00
H S Doubleday, do 2d 1 00

CLASS Z—Domestic Manufactures.

Mrs Wm Love, pr blankets, 1st 2 00
" Peter Poorman, coverlets, 1st 2 00
Miss E Swinehart, hearth rug, 1st 2 00
Mrs E K Clayton, do 2d 1 00
" D R Needey, counterpanes, 1st 1 00
Miss Alice Tracy, cotton patch work quilt, 1st 1 00
Mrs L Doubleday, bed comfort, 1st 1 00
" Elizabeth Barker, woolen knit stockings, 1st 1 00
Miss Kate McKinney, cotton knit socks, 1st 50
Mrs S Cochran, woolen knit do 1st 50
" Mary Church, pair linen knit stockings, 1st 1 00
" Margaret Swinehart, woolen knit mittens, 1st 50
Miss Kate West, shirt made by hand, 1st 50
Mrs L Doubleday, do made by machine, 1st 50
" J G Kelso, chemise made by hand, 1st 50
" L Doubleday, do made by machine, 1st 50
Same, night dress, made by hand 1st 50
Same, do made by machine, 1st 50
Mrs J G Kelso, other than calico made by machine, 1st 1 00
" B Beckwith, sun bonnet made by hand, 1st 50
" Alice McCormick, case of ladies' bonnets, 1st 2 00
" E K Clayton, ten yards rag carpet, 1st 2 00
Same, do 2d 1 00
" T S Stillman, hood made by hand, 1st 1 00

A special premium of $5 00 was awarded to Mrs Lou Doubleday for making the greatest number of entries—36.
W. R. RUSSELL, Secretary.

Mr. Bancroft remarks in the tenth volume of his History of the United States, just out.

"The Mississippi River is the guardian and the pledge of the Union of the States of America. Had they been confined to the eastern slope of the Alleghenies there would have been no geographical unity between them, and the thread of connection between lands that merely fringed the Atlantic must soon have been sundered. The Father of rivers gathers his waters from all the clouds that break between the Alleghenies and the furthest ranges of the Rocky Mountains. The ridges of the eastern chain bow their heads at the North and at the South, so that long before science became the companion of man nature herself pointed out to the barbarous races how short portages join his tributary rivers to those of the Atlantic coast. At the other side his mightiest arm interlocks with the arms of the Oregon and the Colorado, and by the conformation of the earth itself, marshals highways to the Pacific. From his remotest springs he refuses to suffer his waters to be divided, but as he bears them all to the bosom of the ocean the myriads of flags that wave above his head are all the ensigns of one great people. States larger than Kingdoms flourish where he passes; and beneath his steps cities start into being more marvelous in their reality than fabled creations of enchantment. His magnificent valley, lying in the best part of the temperate zone, salubrious, wonderfully fertile, is the chosen muster ground of the most various elements of human culture brought together by men summoned from all the civilized Nations of the earth, and joined in the bonds of common citizenship by the strong, invisible attraction of republican freedom. Now that science has come to be the household friend of trade and commerce and travel, and that nature has lent to wealth and intellect her constant forces, the hills, once walls of division, are scaled or pierced or leveled, and the two oceans, between which the Republic has unassailably intrenched itself against the outward world, are bound together across the Continent by friendly links of iron.

A cook on a Detroit tugboat having fallen heir to $20,000, instead of immediately leaving, gave her employer a full week's notice of her contemplated departure. Rebecca Stohn is a woman of principle if she did work on a tugboat.

A man in Cincinnati advertising for a situation, says: "Work is not so much an object as good wages."